HAYNES
His Reformation
PROLOGUE,
Spoke in Black.

2. Jan. 164[illegible]

THUS Cloath'd with ſhame, which is one ſtep to Grace,
Excuſe the modeſt bluſh now ſpoils my Face;
For after Two Years Excommunication,
For Haynous Sins againſt this Congregation
I'm now to plead my thorough Reformation.
Know then, that weary grown, of the thin fare
Of living by my Wits, that's by the Air;
Altho' kind Patrons
"Into your Bumpers I have oft been plunging,
"And Top't, as I a Patent had for Spunging;
"But to proceed in't ſtill, my Conſcience ſtains,
"(Conſcience, the Darling Miſtreſs of *Jo. Haynes*)
"Wherefore, tho' late, now finding like a Novice,
"Players (like Wits) are Fools, when out of Office:
And ſeeing Nocturnal Friends drop off ſo faſt,
Like *Limerick*, I'me compell'd to yield at laſt.
But oh! the Terms of my Capitulation
Would make the hardeſt heart feel ſoft Compaſſion:
I muſt not Drink, not taſt Life's common Joys,
For fear of ſpoyling my melodious Voice;
No more at Midnight viſit dear *James Long*,
Who has the beſt *Navarre* e're tipt o're Tongue;
Thas all good Qualities,
A Conceal'd Body, Freſh, Mellow, and Fine,
'Tis all Sincerity, a Silken Wine;
It Charms the Taſt, and Gratifies the Noſe,
* Adieu my Dear, Dear Paradiſe, the *Roſe*.
Where I the Muſick now muſt hear no more,
* Of a Bottle o' *Sebaſtian* in the *Sun*, ſcore.

* *Weeping.*

* *Spoke like a Drawer.*

Nor

Nor whilſt God *Bacchus* is our Cheeks Adorning,
* *Like a Watchman's tone.* * Paſt Three a Clock, and a Dark Cloudy Morning.
Nor make the laſt excuſe for longer ſtay,
* *As Drunk.* * More Wine ye Dog, it is not break o' Day.
Now now your new Regenerated Player
Morning and Evening will trudge to Prayer;
And flye all Play-Houſe Plots that are o' brewing,
That National Sin (Sedition) was my ruine.
Adieu *Will's* Coffee-Houſe too, *Beaus*, *Captains*, *Wits*,
Who have been ſo very kind to me by fits.
Farewell, I now muſt herd with ſober Cits.
Where I may ſpeak my Mind, and fear no ſnub,
With Friends will lend, as well as pay a Club.
What though they ne'er broke Jeſt, or Pate at *Lockets*,
They've Sence enough for all that, in their Pockets;
I do but think leading this Virtuous Life,
What a Comfort I ſhall be to my poor Wife;
At Home by Ten a Clock, in Bed by Eleven,
Where I will make my former Scores all even.
"This being decreed, I've nothing more to do
"But fix my ſelf a rent-charge now on you,
Humbly beſeeching
"That I, like Pariſh Brat, Forlorn, and Poor,
"That's lay'd for want, at the next Rich Man's door;
"Swath'd in ill luck, the Charity may get
"Of you the Great Church-Wardens of the Pit.
Then tho' my Voice ſhould fail, as that will happen,
I'me ſure you'll gueſs my meaning, by my gaping.

FINIS.

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